

proper attention in case they are sick, to encourage them if they are cast down, to restore them if they are wandering.

10. Speak to strangers, and invite them to come again.

11. Accept gladly any work assigned you, but never show a spirit of envy when others are promoted in the church.

12. Never encourage strife, but be a peacemaker.

13. Never speak of the faults of others to your neighbors, and never to those who have made mistakes, unless it be for the purpose of correcting them, and then be sure to do it in love.

14. Give cheerfully, according to your ability.

15. Take a church paper.

16. If the pastor, or any one else is struggling under a heavy load, take hold and help.

17. Never insist on having your own way against the majority, and never insist on overriding a minority with careless indifference.

18. Make some unconverted soul a special subject of daily prayer. Persevere in prayer, together with judicious effort, until that one shall be brought to Christ. Then begin at once to bring another in the same way by prayer and personal effort.

If we knew that such simple rules as these would give us a good harvest, or insure physical health, or make us rich, as well as we know that they will make the church prosper, would we not all begin at once to observe them? These things we can all do. No special talent is required. By so doing ye shall bear much fruit.

On Duty

Sunday-school Evangelist.

Uncle Alex came out on the back piazza with his newspaper, and was just going to seat himself in one of the arm chairs, when a very large spider, weaving its web among the vines, attracted his attention.

He went closer to look at it, and presently called to Neddle, who was playing in the yard: "Neddle, come and see this huge spider."

"I can't come, Uncle Alex," replied Neddle. "I am on duty."

Uncle Alex stopped looking at the spider, and looked at Neddle. He had a paper soldier cap on, and, carrying his toy gun, was gravely pacing up and down before his tent, which was pitched on the grass under the big cherry tree. Will Ramsey and two or three other boys were in the adjoining meadow, galloping along on sticks and flourishing wooden swords. There was probably a battle going on, tho the cows, chewing their cuds under the trees, didn't seem to be frightened.

"What are you doing?" asked Uncle Alex.

"I'm a sentinel on guard," said Neddle.

"Can't you come over here just a minute, if I watch the tent?"

"No, indeed!" answered Neddle, decidedly. "Soldiers musn't go away a second when they are on duty."

"Well, well," said Uncle Alex, seeming quite amused, as he sat down to his paper.

Toward the close of the afternoon, when the tent was deserted and the boys were playing something else at the other side of the house, Neddle's mother came out on the porch from the kitchen, carrying a small basket.

She looked hastily around, and then called "Neddle, Neddle; where are you?"

"Here, mamma!" he shouted, bounding around the corner of the house and up the steps.

"I want you to go over to the store and get me two pounds of sugar and a half pound of raisins," said the mother, adding, as she gave him the basket and some money. "Now don't be gone long. I am making something good for supper, and I want those things as soon as possible."

About ten minutes after Neddle had gone Uncle Alex started to the postoffice. When he reached the little brook which had to be crossed to get to the village he saw Neddle standing on the bridge, throwing pebbles into the water.

"Hallo, Neddle!" he said. "I thought you were on duty."

"No, sir," replied the boy, looking in surprise, "We're not playing soldier now. Mamma sent me on an errand."

"Did she send you here to throw pebbles in the brook?"

"No, sir; she sent me to the store."

"I thought I heard her giving you a commission which was to be executed with promptness and dispatch; and, knowing you to be such a soldierly fellow, who could not be tempted away from duty a moment, I wonder, rather, to see you standing here." And Uncle Alex stroked his whiskers meditatively and knit his brow, as tho he was trying to study the matter out.

Neddle, with a puzzled expression, looked steadily in his uncle's face for a moment or two, and then, turning his steps toward the village, was off like a flash.

Uncle Alex was standing on the postoffice steps, reading a letter, when he happened to see Neddle come out of the grocery with his basket and walk rapidly homeward. Some little boys on the other side of the street also spied him, and, running over, surrounded him, evidently wanting him to stop with them a little while. But he, tho in a very good-natured way, declined their invitation, and kept on his way. He realized that he was on duty.

Don't Hurt the Birds

The Picture World.

Never hurt a bird. God made it, and it has a right to live. Sometimes girls wear birds' wings and feathers on their hats. In the spring some people who make hats for girls and women agreed with hunters to buy ten thousand birds, for their wings and feathers. Some of the hunters got ashamed of their business and would not shoot any more birds. Suppose each girl should say, "I will not wear such things on my hat." Then many birds would be left alive.

Sisters' Society C. E.

From the Field

Auburn, Illinois, was the second church visited on my present trip. Here I found only a small band of working members, but their zeal and faithfulness was inspiring. Thru trials and discouragements they are still standing as an S. S. C. E. and don't expect ever to give up. Since they have no church house they labor under a great disadvantage in holding any preaching services. They succeeded in securing the Presbyterian church for one night while I was with them, and the audience was mostly composed of the Presbyterian members. It wasn't practical, therefore, to do much direct S. S. C. E. work, except in the afternoon meeting at the home of Sister Garber's. Besides the two dollar offering from the society, Sisters Black and Garber each took a five dollar pledge for the theological fund. I had a most pleasant home with them both.

With no preaching services only when Brother Talley can visit them, and with only a few members who have joined their Sister's Society, they have reasons for becoming discouraged if any society has, and yet they meet regularly almost every two weeks in a work meeting, opened with devotional exercises. Will not other societies learn a lesson of faithfulness from the Auburn S. S. C. E., and work with a will?

From Auburn I went eighty four miles to Astoria, a pretty town located about sixty-five miles north of Springfield. The Brethren church is here represented by ten members, but unlike many other churches, each member feels his responsibility and seems to be willing to do his part.

The work had its beginning when Brother Bashor held a meeting for them in '93. They have never had regular preaching, but have been working with other churches. Now they have rented the Reformed church, where they hold their own Sunday-school every Sunday morning, and where Brother Talley will preach any time he comes.

We had three services together in the church while I was with them over Sunday. On Sunday afternoon the sisters met at the home of Mrs. Snowden, where we organized an S. S. C. E. Having no Young People's Society, the Sister's Society will hold their devotional meeting in the church every Sunday night. With the earnestness of a few of their workers and the musical talent of others, these meetings will prove most beneficial in binding the members together in blessed fellowship.

In making my appointments, I had been informed not to expect any financial help for the S. S. C. E. at either of these two mission points, Auburn and Astoria, so I was not a little surprised when four dollars were given me as their free-will offering. Thanks are due Brother Fits and family for the warm feeling with which they received me into their home.

At present I am visiting at my uncle's,